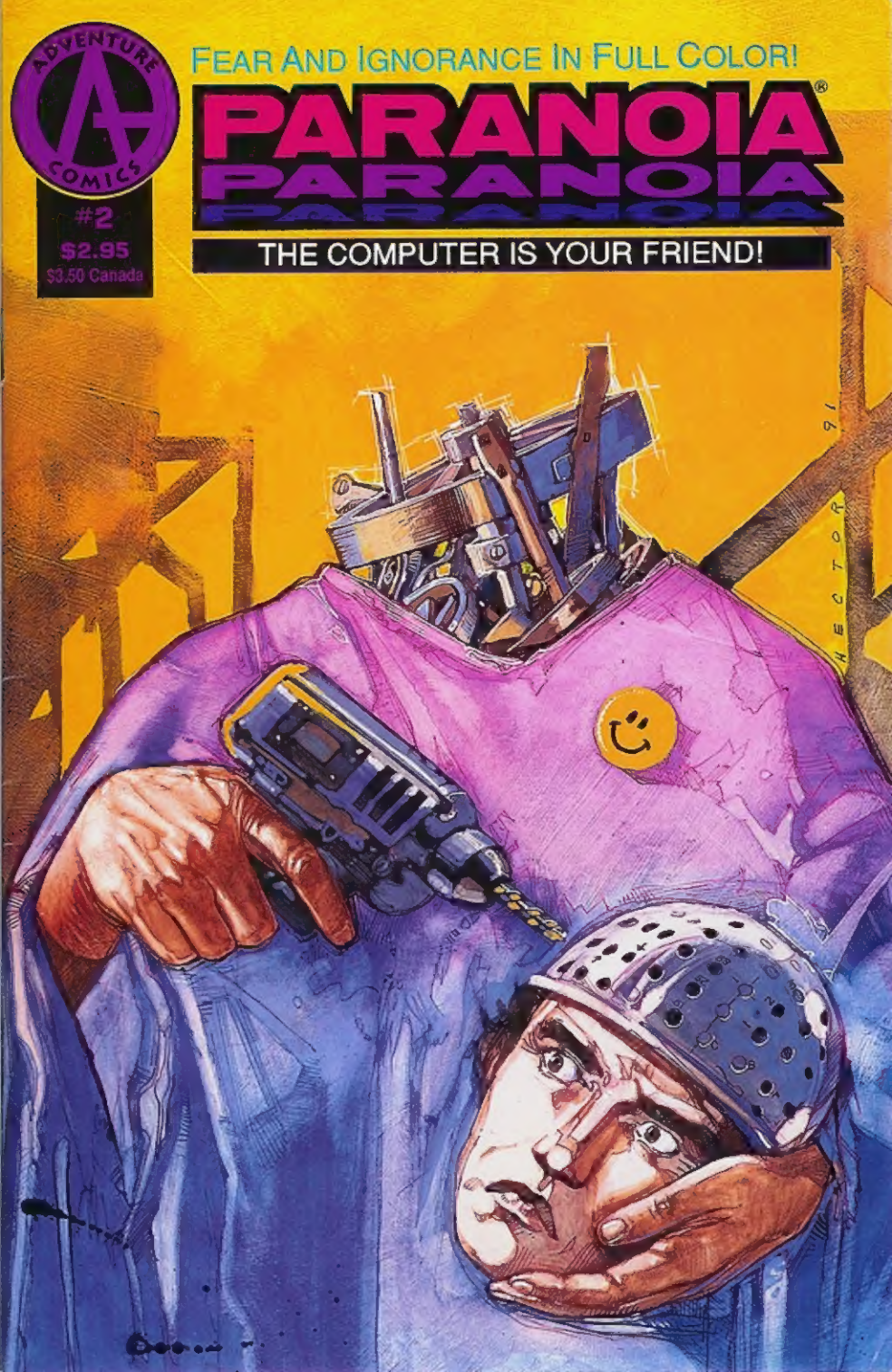
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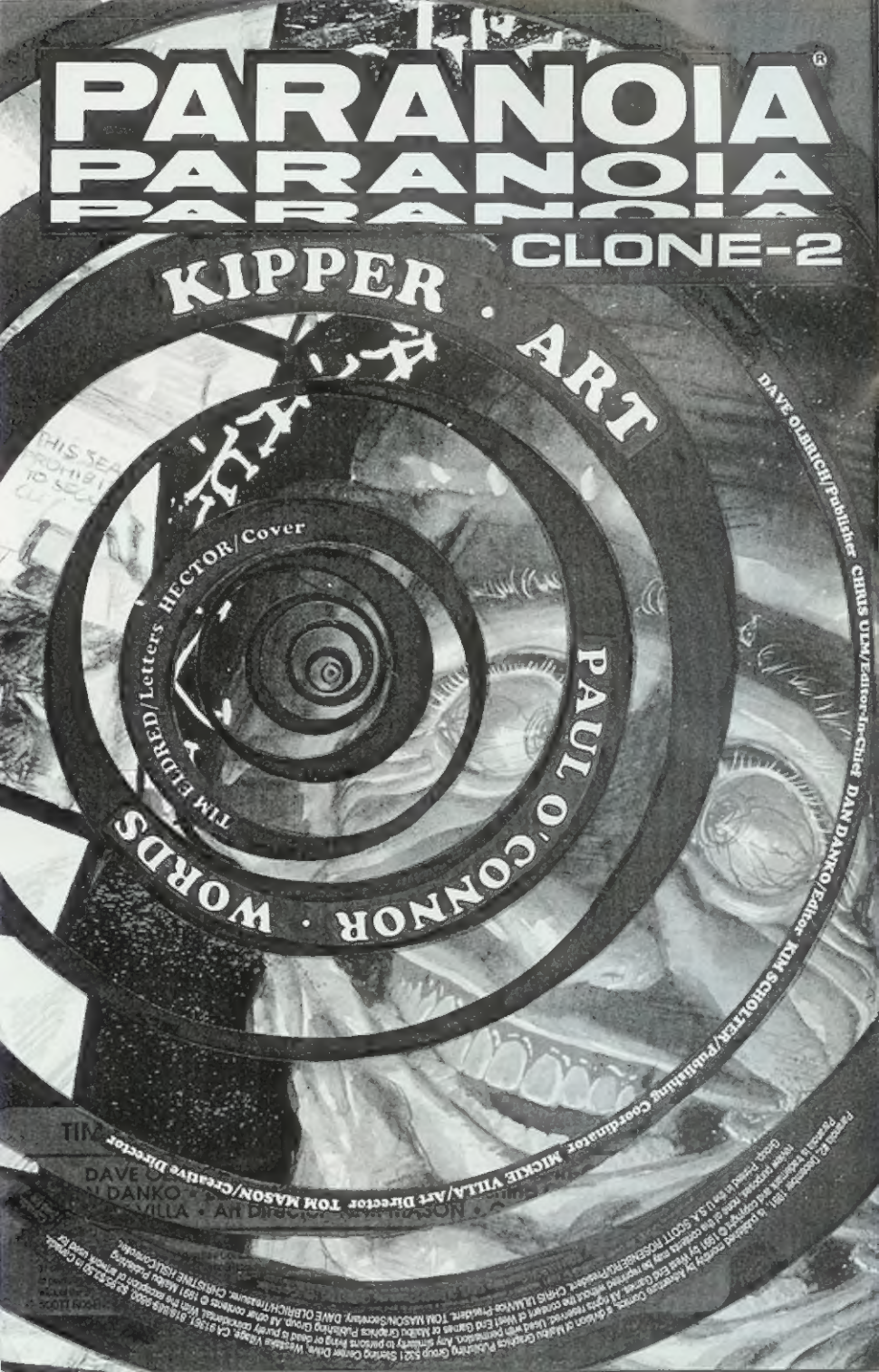
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CLONE-2
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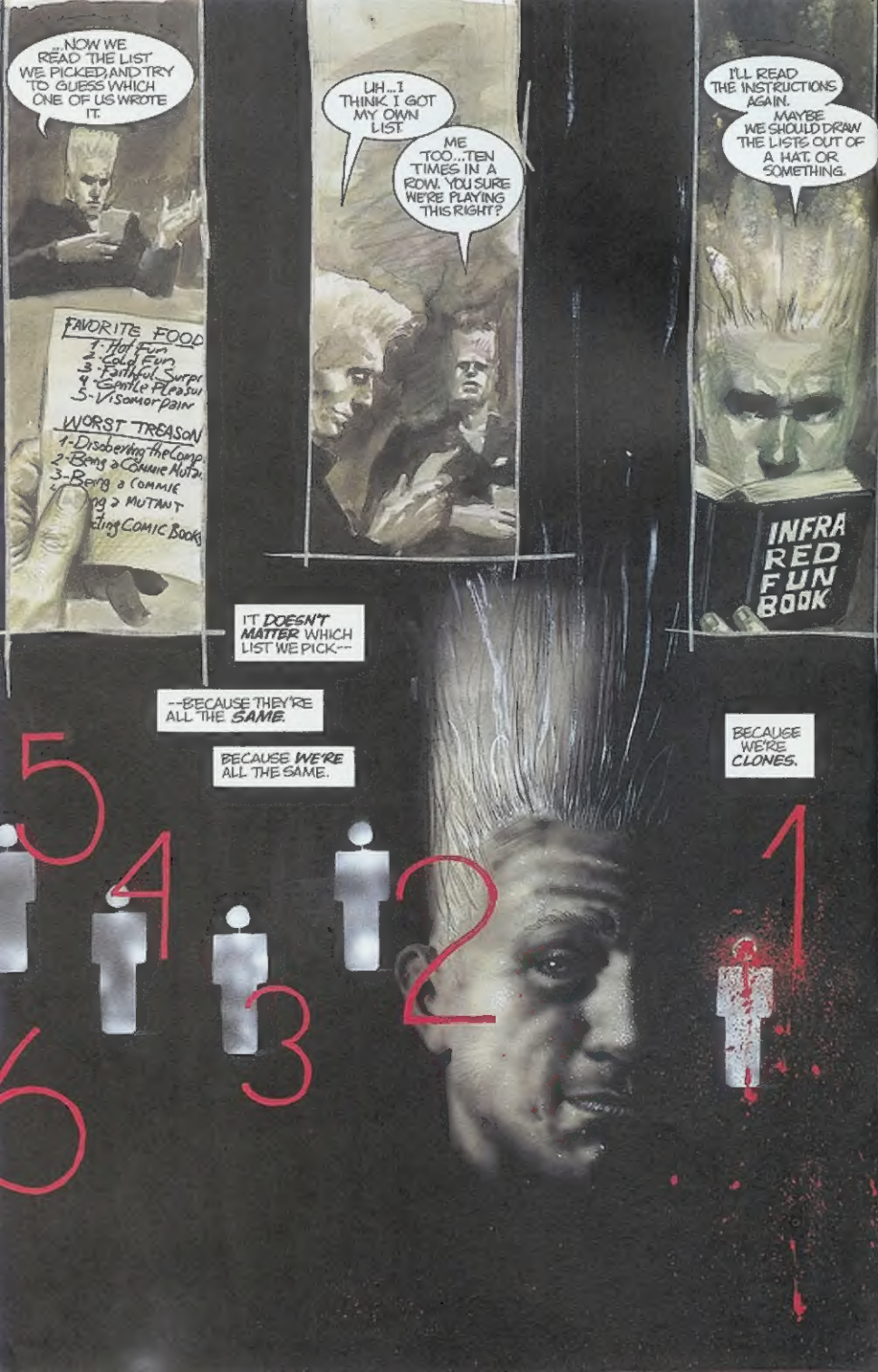
DAVE OLBRICH/Publisher CHRIS ULM/Editor-in-Chief DAN DANKO/Editor KIM SCHOLTEN/Publishing Coordinator MICKIE VILLA/Art Director TOM MASON/Creative Director

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO IN THE CRECHE.
WE HAVE NO JOBS, NO PURPOSE, NO IDENTITY. WE'RE STRICTLY BACKUP.
KING THRU
INFRA RED BOOK
Favorite Foods:
1 - Hot Fun
2 - Cold Fun
3 - Fattful Surprise
4 - Boink Pleasure
5 - Visomorpan
Worst TREASON
1 - Disobeying the Computer
2 - Being a COMMIE Mutant
3 - Being a COMMIE
4 - Being a Mutant
5 - Collecting COMIC BOOKS
WE PLAY GAMES TO KEEP BUSY.
OKAY, EVERYONE'S WRITTEN THEIR FIVE FAVORITE FOODS AND THE FIVE MOST HEINOUS FORMS OF TREASON THEY CAN IMAGINE, RIGHT?
RIGHT.
OKAY, EVERYONE PUT THEIR LIST ON THE TABLE, FACE DOWN...
...THEN WE MIX THEM UP...
...NOW WE ALL PICK A LIST AT RANDOM...


...NOW WE READ THE LIST WE PICKED, AND TRY TO GUESS WHICH ONE OF US WROTE IT.
FAVORITE FOOD
1-Hot Fun
2-Cold Fun
3-Faithful Surpr
4-Gentle Pleasu
5-Visomorpain
WORST TREASON
1-Disobeying the Comp
2-Being a Commie Muta
3-Being a Commie
ing a MUTANT
ding COMIC BOOKS
UH...I THINK I GOT MY OWN LIST.
ME TOO...TEN TIMES IN A ROW. YOU SURE WE'RE PLAYING THIS RIGHT?
I'LL READ THE INSTRUCTIONS AGAIN.
MAYBE WE SHOULD DRAW THE LISTS OUT OF A HAT, OR SOMETHING.
INFRA RED FUN BOOK
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHICH LIST WE PICK--
--BECAUSE THEY'RE ALL THE SAME.
BECAUSE WE'RE ALL THE SAME.
BECAUSE WE'RE CLONES.
5
4
2
1
3
6

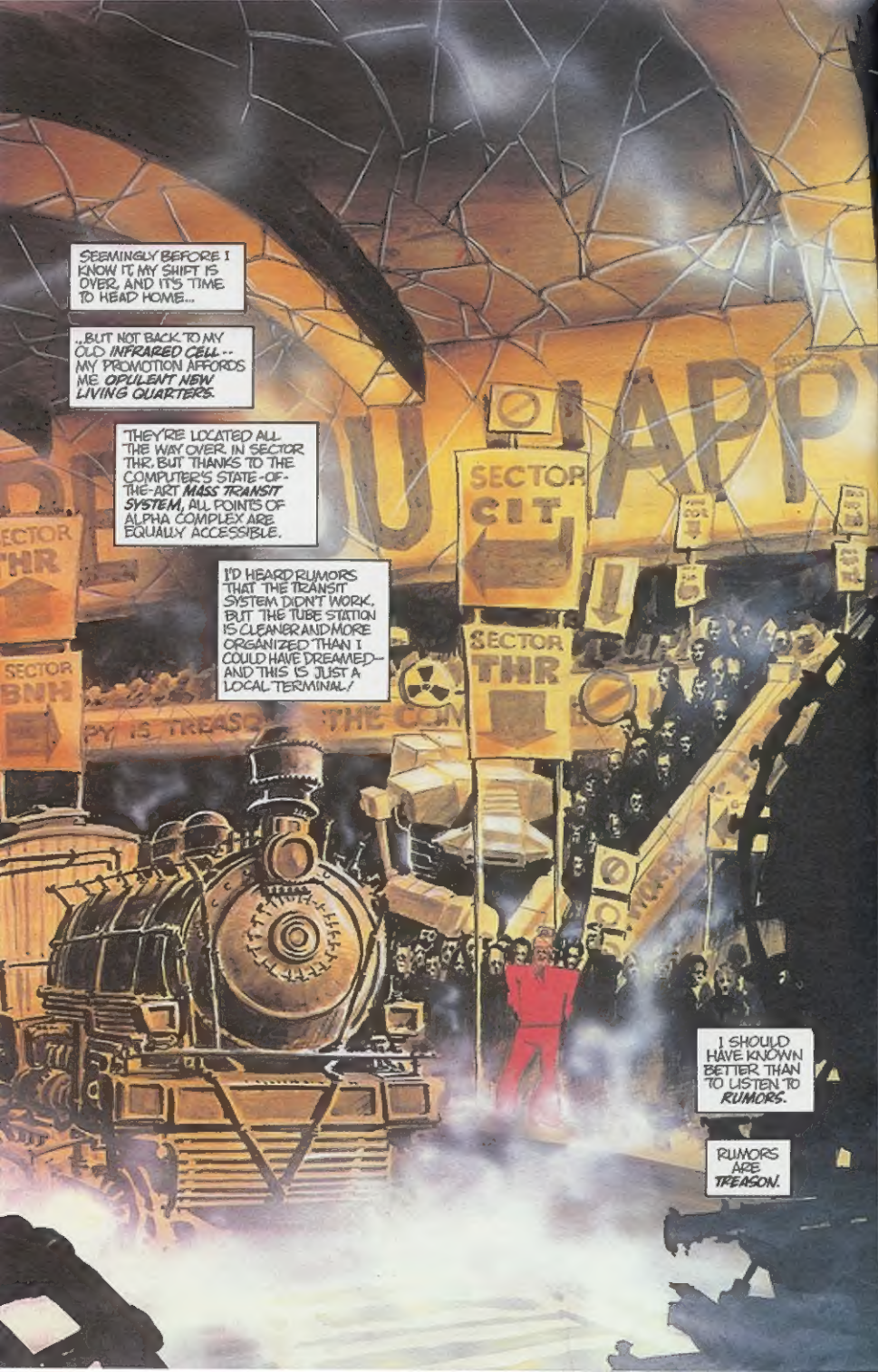
ATTEN-SHUN!
KRASH!
AHEM.
THE COMPUTER REGRETS TO INFORM THAT YOUR CLONE BROTHER, KING-R-THR-1, HAS EXPIRED...
JOB OPENING!
ME! PICK ME! I'M YOUR MAN!
DON'T LISTEN TO THEM! I'VE GOT SENIORITY!
IT IS THE OPINION OF THIS DEPARTMENT THAT KING-R-THR-1 SHOULD BE REPLACED WITH ONE OF HIS CLONE BROTHERS--
--THOUGH THIS DEPARTMENT EXPECTS LITTLE BETTER PERFORMANCE FROM SAID CLONE BROTHER. IN POINT OF FACT, THIS DEPARTMENT PREDICTS WITH 98% CERTAINTY THAT SAID CLONE WILL BE EXECUTED FOR TREASON WITHIN THREE DAY-CYCLES.
AHEM.
WHICH OF YOU IS KING-THR-2?
HE IS!
THANKS A LOT, GUYS.

HEY, MAN, CAN I HAVE YOUR OLD BUNK? I MEAN, YOU WON'T BE SLEEPING HERE ANY MORE, AND THOSE BLANKETS WE ORDERED STILL HAVEN'T SHOWN.
I HOPE YOU DIE IN YOUR SLEEP.
AHEM.
YOUR SERVICE TO THE COMPUTER IS REWARDED. CONGRATULATIONS!
YOU ARE NOW OF RED SECURITY CLEARANCE. THIS IS EVIDENCE OF THE COMPUTER'S LOVE AND TRUST IN YOU.
YOU ARE HEREBY DESIGNATED KING-R-THR-2.
YOU ARE ASSIGNED EQUIPMENT. GIVE THANKS FOR THE COMPUTER'S BOUNTIFUL GENEROSITY. PRESERVE THIS EQUIPMENT FROM HARM OR THEFT. ONLY A TRAITOR WOULD BE CARELESS WITH THE COMPUTER'S PRECIOUS RESOURCES.
YOU ARE ASSIGNED EXPERIMENTAL EQUIPMENT. BE PREPARED TO TESTIFY UNDER OATH AS TO THE PERFORMANCE OF THE EQUIPMENT. LOSS OR DAMAGE OF THIS VALUABLE PROTOTYPE IS TREASON.
THE COUNT-YOUR-BLESSINGS INTENSIVE THERAPY DEVICE IS DESIGNED TO DISPELL THE FEELINGS OF TREASONOUS UNHAPPINESS THAT HAUNTED YOUR CLONE BROTHER, KING-R-THR-1. REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE SMILING, THE WHOLE WORLD SMILES WITH YOU. TAKE THAT FROWN, TURN IT UPSIDE DOWN.
BE HAPPY!
TO KING R THR 2
AFTER YOU ARE DRESSED, REPORT TO FLYING ERASE HEAD-O-ZLT-4 FOR JOB ASSIGNMENT.
AHEM.

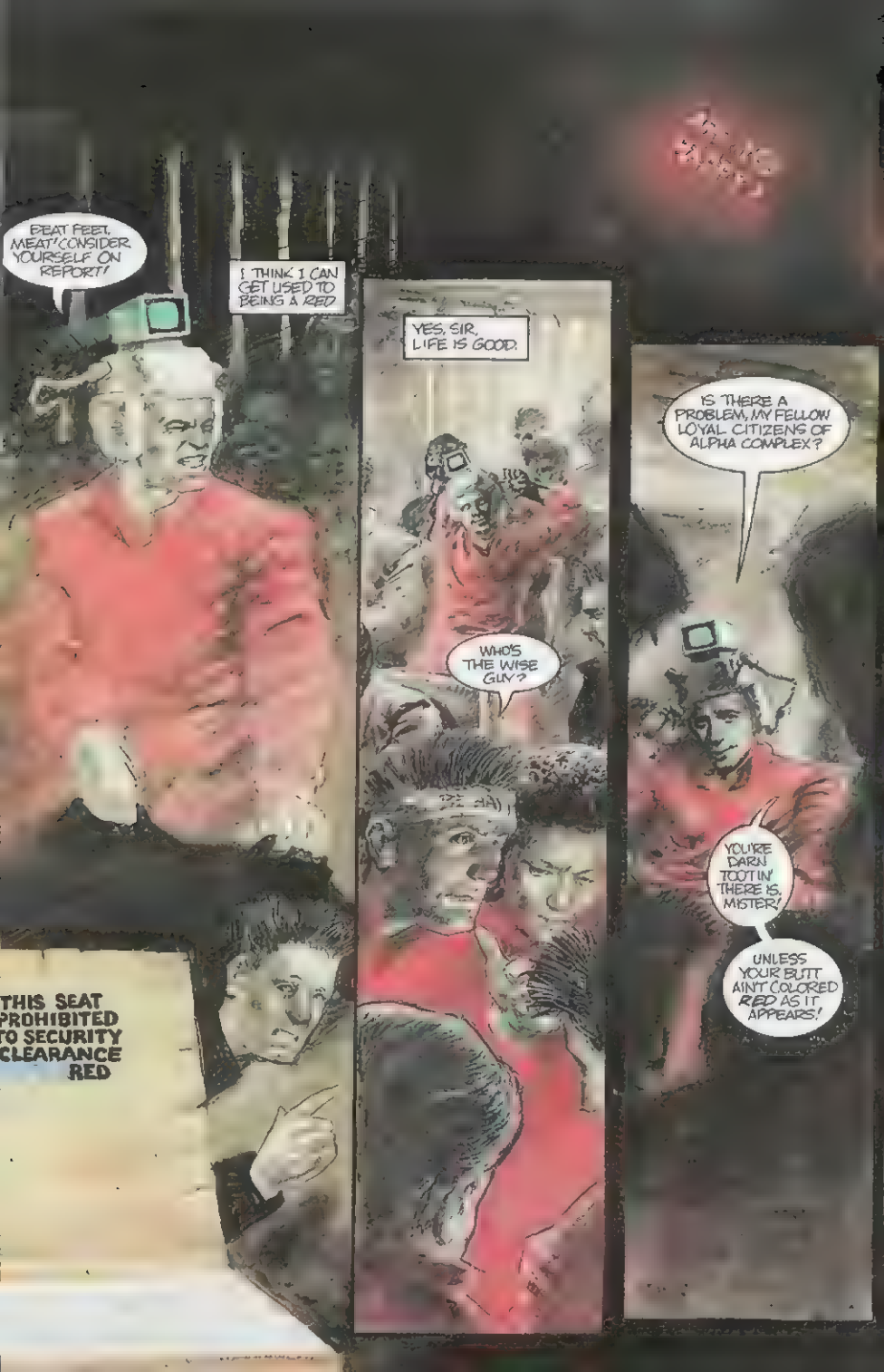
MY RED SECURITY CLEARANCE LETS ME LEAVE THE CRECHE FOR THE FIRST TIME.
I HAD NO IDEA ALPHA COMPLEX WAS SO HUGE.
MY UNIFORM DOESN'T FIT, MY EXECUTION HAS BEEN PREDICTED WITH 98% CERTAINTY, AND I'VE GOT SOME INFERNAL MACHINE CLAMPED TO MY HEAD. BUT IT COULD BE WORSE.
AT LEAST I'M OUT OF THE CRECHE AND WILL SOON BE PERFORMING MEANINGFUL WORK.
THE BEST OF ALL POSSIBLE WORLDS. LIFE IS GOOD.
I CAN HARDLY WAIT TO START MY NEW LIFE. KING-R-THR-1 WAS MY BROTHER, BUT HE WASN'T AS SAVVY AS 1 A.M.
I'M SURE I CAN AVOID MAKING THE SAME MISTAKES THAT GOT HIM KILLED.
I FIND MY WORK ADDRESS IN SECTOR ZLT.
IT'S A CHEERY PLACE, AND I LOOK FORWARD TO MEETING MY NEW CO-WORKERS.
BUT THEN I SEE HIM.
ARE YOU HAPPY
HAVE A NICE DAY
OUR FRIEND

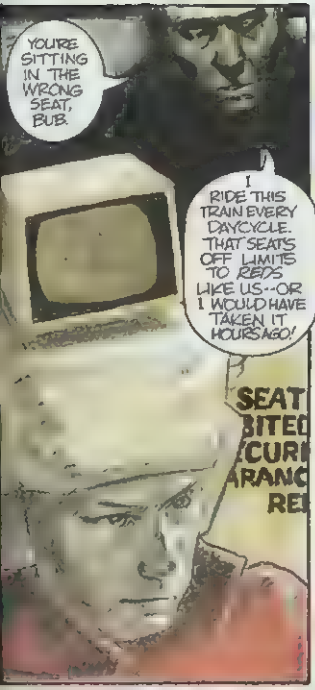
FLYING ERASE HEAD-O-ZLT-4.
MY NEW BOSS.
HIS HEAD REMINDS ME OF A PUDDLE OF PANCAKE BUTTER FRESH POURED ON THE GRILL, AND THAT'S A PROBLEM...
...BECAUSE IT'S TREASON TO EVEN KNOW WHAT A PANCAKE IS, MUCH LESS HOW IT'S MADE.
NOW, I WONDER HOW I KNEW THAT...?
KING-R-THR-2!! YOU'RE LATE!!
THIS IS A FINE WAY TO START YOUR FIRST DAY-CYCLE AT WORK, KING-R-THR-2. NOT MUCH OF A ONE FOR MAKING A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION, ARE YOU?
YOU'VE BEEN BRIEFED ON YOUR JOB RESPONSIBILITIES, OF COURSE.
NO, SIR, I HAVEN'T.
EXCELLENT! THEN YOU CAN PICK UP WHERE YOUR TRAITOROUS SIBLING LEFT OFF.
I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU THAT I ALREADY HATE YOUR GUTS, KING-R-THR-2.
I INTEND TO KEEP A CLOSE EYE ON YOU. I NEVER TRUSTED YOUR BROTHER, AND I DON'T TRUST YOU. I WON'T LET YOU BRING SHAME TO THE DEPARTMENT.
I'LL DO MY BEST, SIR.
I'M AFRAID THAT REMARK MUST GO ON YOUR PERMANENT RECORD.
DING!
Sighh...
ÇA-KLIK!
DON'T WORRY. BE HAPPY.

THE EXPERIMENTAL DEVICE ATOP MY HEAD IS UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT I GUESS IT'S FOR MY OWN GOOD. I HOPE THE ARMS RETRACT SOON.
DON'T WORRY... BE HAPPY
FLYING ERASE HEAD O-2LT-4 FINALLY LEAVES ME ALONE AND I CAN DO MY JOB...WHATEVER IT MIGHT BE.
I BUFF MY MONITER WITH MY SLEEVE. THROUGH A SWIRL OF GREASE AND DUST, I CAN JUST DETECT MOTION...
IT CAN'T BE!
IT'S MY OLD CRECHE! WE WERE UNDER SURVEILLANCE ALL ALONG!
I ALWAYS SUSPECTED MY CLONE BROTHERS OF TREASON. I MUST HAVE BEEN RIGHT.
KING-THR-6! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
OH... AROUND HERE AND THERE. YOU KNOW.
HMM... ANOTHER UNEXPLAINED ABSENCE FOR KING-THR-6. I ALWAYS THOUGHT HE WAS A SHADY CUSTOMER. HE'LL BEAR CLOSE WATCHING.
I THINK I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS JOB.
LIFE IS GOOD.


SEEMINGLY BEFORE I KNOW IT, MY SHIFT IS OVER, AND IT'S TIME TO HEAD HOME...
...BUT NOT BACK TO MY OLD *INFRARED CELL*-- MY PROMOTION AFFORDS ME *OPULENT NEW LIVING QUARTERS.*
THEY'RE LOCATED ALL THE WAY OVER IN SECTOR THR. BUT THANKS TO THE COMPUTER'S STATE-OF-THE-ART *MASS TRANSIT SYSTEM,* ALL POINTS OF ALPHA COMPLEX ARE EQUALLY ACCESSIBLE.
I'D HEARD RUMORS THAT THE TRANSIT SYSTEM DIDN'T WORK, BUT THE TUBE STATION IS CLEANER AND MORE ORGANIZED THAN I COULD HAVE DREAMED-- AND THIS IS JUST A LOCAL TERMINAL!
SECTOR CIT
SECTOR THR
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO LISTEN TO *RUMORS.*
RUMORS ARE *TREASON.*

SECTOR PMT
SECTOR IML
AFTER A PLEASANT THREE-HOUR WAIT, I BOARD THE TRAIN FOR SECTOR THR
AT LEAST, I THINK THIS IS THE TRAIN FOR SECTOR THR. THE MAP IS A LITTLE CONFUSING
SURE WOULD BE NICE IF I COULD SIT, BUT ALL THE SEATS ARE TAKEN.
HEY- WAIT A SECOND! I ALMOST FORGOT MY PROMOTION!
SECTOR LBA
I'M A RED--
--AND YOU'RE JUST A LOUSY INFRARED! GET OUT OF MY SEAT, DIRTBAG!
Y-YES, SIR! I'M SORRY, SIR! I DIDN'T SEE YOU, OR I WOULD HAVE--


BEAT FEET, MEAT! CONSIDER YOURSELF ON REPORT!
I THINK I CAN GET USED TO BEING A RED
YES, SIR, LIFE IS GOOD.
WHO'S THE WISE GUY?
IS THERE A PROBLEM, MY FELLOW LOYAL CITIZENS OF ALPHA COMPLEX?
YOU'RE DARN TOOTIN' THERE IS, MISTER!
UNLESS YOUR BUTT AIN'T COLORED RED AS IT APPEARS!
THIS SEAT PROHIBITED TO SECURITY CLEARANCE RED

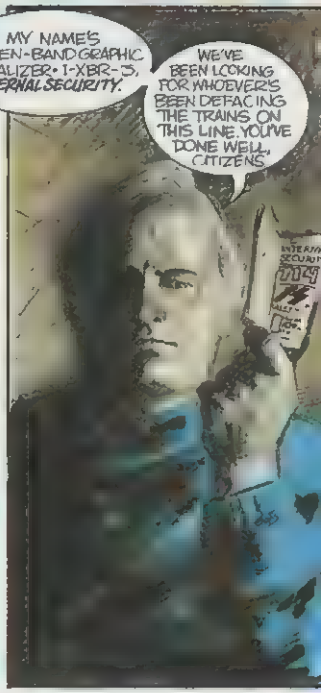

YOU'RE SITTING IN THE WRONG SEAT, BUB.
I RIDE THIS TRAIN EVERY DAYCYCLE. THAT SEAT'S OFF LIMITS TO REDS LIKE US--OR I WOULD HAVE TAKEN IT HOURS AGO!

SECURITY
RED
THERE'S BEEN A MISTAKE. THIS SIGN IS SUPPOSED TO READ "INFRARED" BUT SOMEONE'S SCRATCHED IT OUT. LOOK--YOU CAN JUST MAKE OUT THE MISSING LETTERS

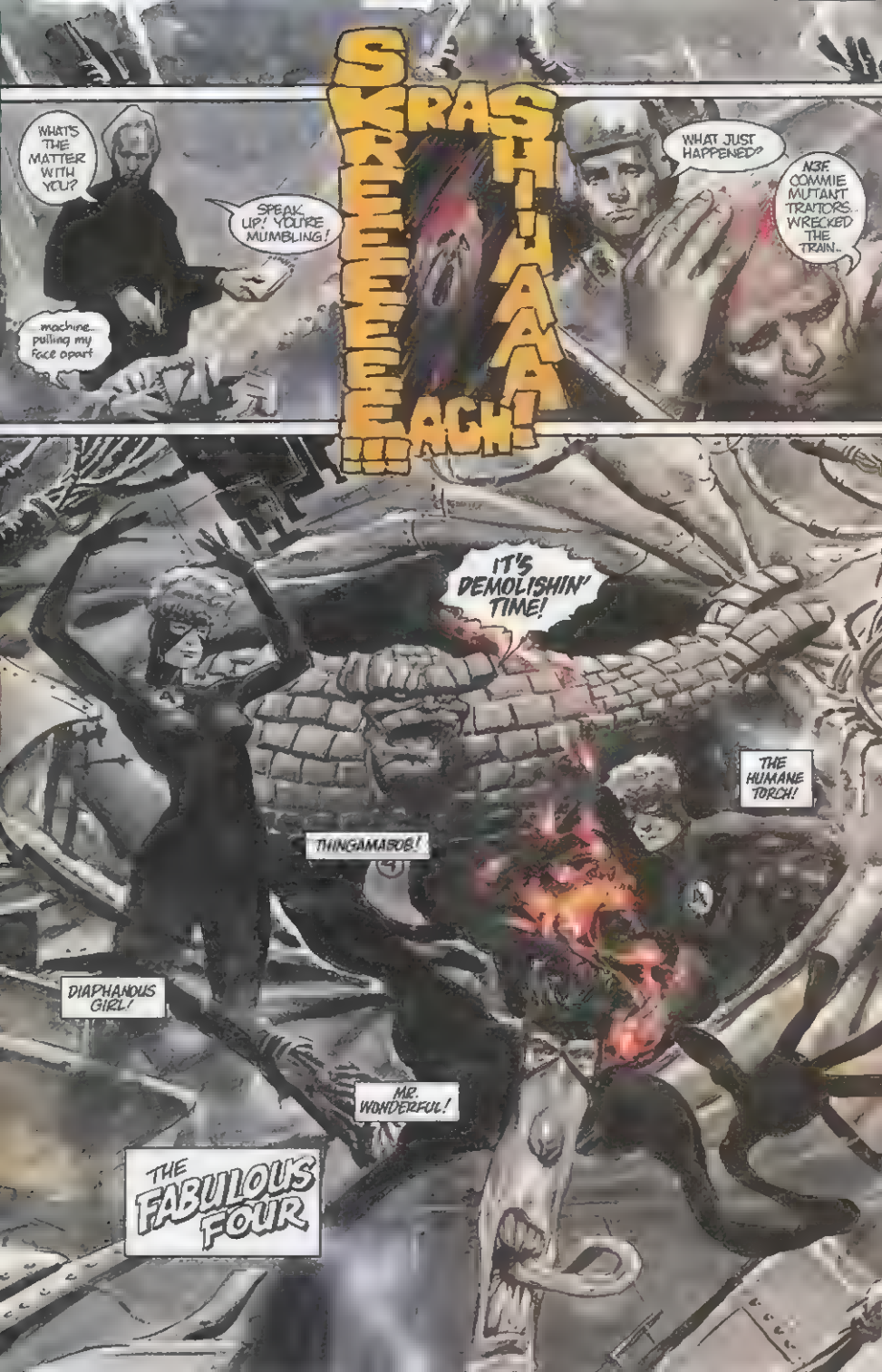
WELL, I DON'T KNOW.
SORRY, FELLAS. BUT I SAW THE SEAT FIRST, AND AS WE'RE ALL REDS, NEITHER OF YOU CAN PULL RANK ON ME

WHAT'S ALL THIS SQUABBLING?
I'VE CAUGHT THIS TRAITOR VIOLATING SECURITY PROCEDURES, SIR!

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT DEFACING COMPUTER PROPERTY TOO!


MY NAME'S SEVEN-BAND GRAPHIC EQUALIZER• 1-XBR-5, INTERNAL SECURITY.
WE'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR WHOEVER'S BEEN DEFACING THE TRAINS ON THIS LINE. YOU'VE DONE WELL, CITIZENS.

YOUR NAME?
KING-THR-2.
KING-THR-2?? BUT YOU'RE WEARING RED!
I MEAN KING-R-THR-2... I WAS JUST PROMOTED TODAY, I'M NOT USED TO MY NEW NAME.
I SEE. VERY INTERESTING.
DING!
THIS IS THE SIGN YOU DEFACED? THE FIRST FIVE LETTERS OF "INFRARED" HAVE BEEN CLEARLY ERASED.
I KNOW. THAT'S WHAT I WAS TRYING TO TELL THE OTHERS.
SO YOU WERE TRYING TO CONFESS?
NO!

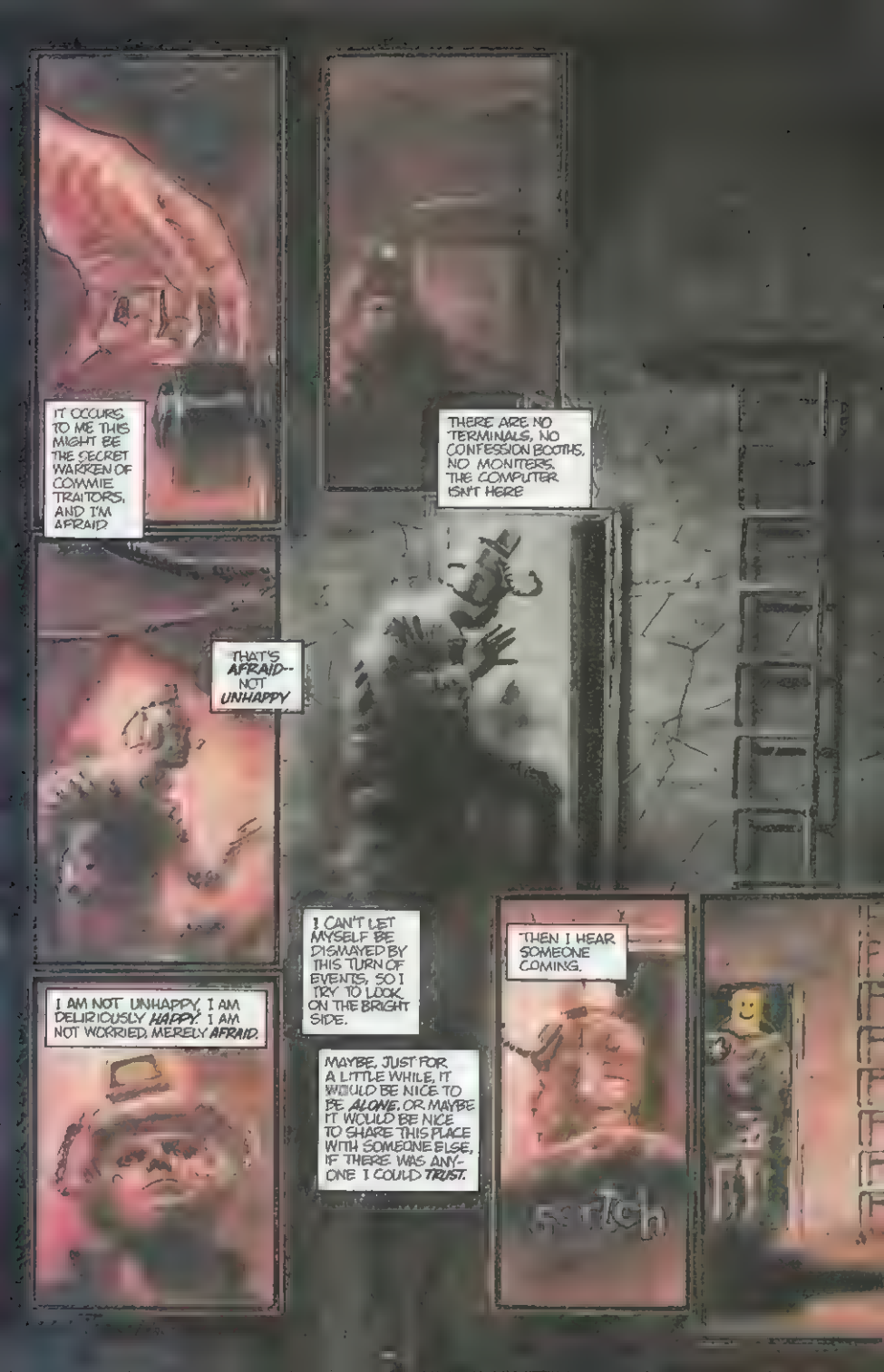

SKREEEEE!!!
KRASH!!!
AAAA!
AGH!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
SPEAK UP! YOU'RE MUMBLING!
...machine... pulling my face apart
WHAT JUST HAPPENED?
N3F COMMIE MUTANT TRAITORS WRECKED THE TRAIN..
IT'S DEMOLISHIN' TIME!
THE HUMANE TORCH!
THINGAMABOB!
DIAPHANOUS GIRL!
MR. WONDERFUL!
THE FABULOUS FOUR

NO SIGN OF PIMPLE MAN
BUT WE'VE FOUND A WHOLE TRAIN LOAD OF HIS SUBTERRANEAN THRALLS
WOTTA REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT THIS IS!
PIMPLE MANS GIVEN US THE SLIP AGAIN!
YOU'D BETTER BURN THEM OUT, JUST TO BE SURE
GEE, I DON'T KNOW ..IS IT HUMANE?
WHOOSH!..
THEY'RE ONLY MINDLESS THRALLS, JIMMY
I GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT

THE FLAMES BACK ME INTO THE CORNER
THE FLAMES...
I REMEMBER FORWARD TO THEM, THOUGH THE MEMORY IS NOT MY OWN.
. MAJESTIC FLAMES DEVOUR THE WORLD.
IT WILL HAPPEN SOON..
.AND I WILL BE THERE.
...THE FLAMES CANNOT HURT ME.

EVEN FREE OF THE FLAMES, I CAN SCARCELY SEE OR BREATHE
THE TRAIN TUNNEL IS FILLED WITH SMOKE.
AWAY FROM THE TRAIN. INTO THE TUNNEL...
ANOTHER TRAIN!
RUN!
A HOLE, IN THE GROUND
I'M FALLING!

SMash!
WHERE AM I ?
I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MUCH OPEN SPACE BEFORE I NEVER IMAGINED SUCH A PLACE COULD EXIST
IT'S TERRIFYING, AT FIRST.
CA-KLIK!
..BUT THEN I DECIDE I BETTER NOT WORRY ABOUT IT, OR MY HEAD WILL BE RIPPED IN TWO

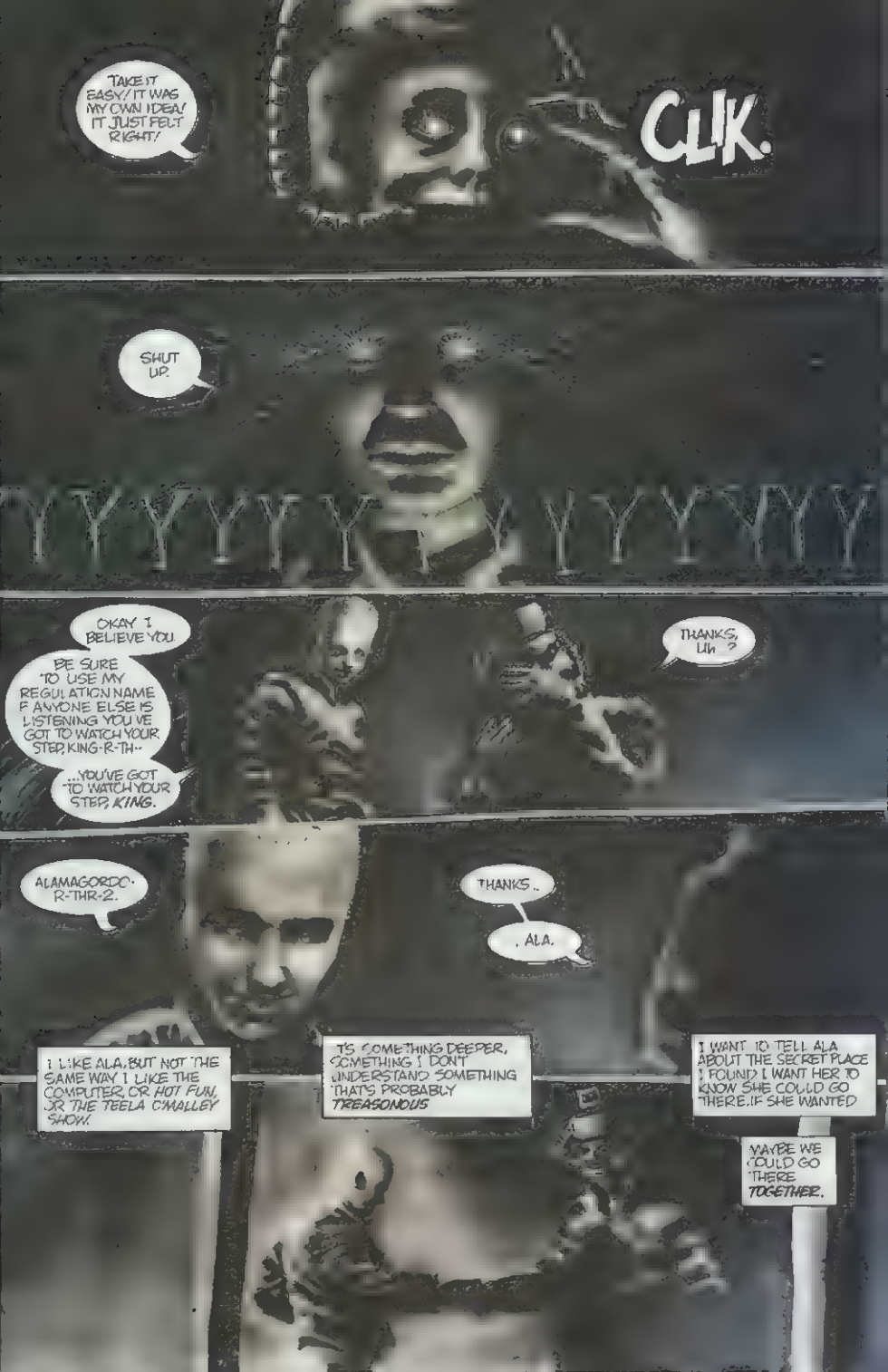

IT OCCURS TO ME THIS MIGHT BE THE SECRET WARREN OF COMMIE TRAITORS, AND I'M AFRAID
THERE ARE NO TERMINALS, NO CONFESSION BOOTHS, NO MONITERS. THE COMPUTER ISN'T HERE
THAT'S *AFRAID*-- NOT *UNHAPPY*
I AM NOT UNHAPPY. I AM DELIRIOUSLY *HAPPY*. I AM NOT WORRIED, MERELY *AFRAID*.
I CAN'T LET MYSELF BE DISMAYED BY THIS TURN OF EVENTS, SO I TRY TO LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.
MAYBE, JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE, IT WOULD BE NICE TO BE *ALONE*. OR MAYBE IT WOULD BE NICE TO SHARE THIS PLACE WITH SOMEONE ELSE, IF THERE WAS ANY-ONE I COULD *TRUST*.
THEN I HEAR SOMEONE COMING.
SCRITCH

I PRACTICALLY LEAP BACK UP THE LADDER I KNOW THAT I AM A TRAITOR FOR WHAT I'VE SEEN
I EMERGE IN A STRANGE SECTION
NOBODY SEEMS TO NOTICE ME.
GOLDEN GATE COMICS

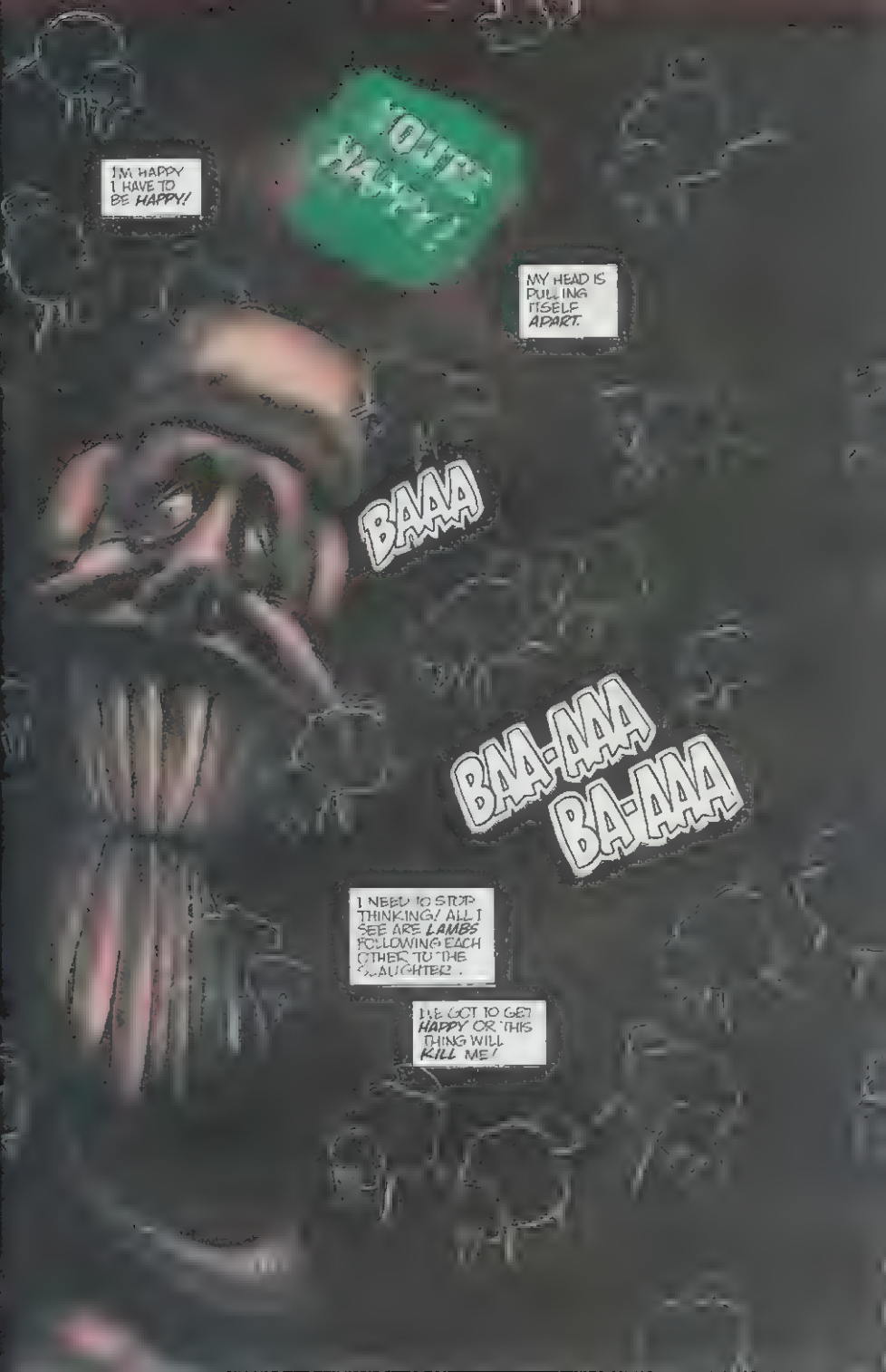
I WANDER THE STREETS FOR HOURS, TRYING TO FIND MY WAY HOME TO SECTOR THR.
I PASS A CONFESSION BOOTH AT EVERY CORNER. I KNOW IT'S MY DUTY TO CONFESS WHAT I'VE DISCOVERED...
...BUT SOMETHING TICKLES THE BACK OF MY MEMORY, WARNING ME NOT TO ALERT THE COMPUTER.
THEN I WORRY THE COMMIES ARE BEHIND IT ALL. MAYBE THEY POISONED ME WITH AN ODORLESS, INVISIBLE GAS, DISORDERING MY PERCEPTIONS.
MAYBE THEY'RE USING MICROWAVES TO CONTROL MY MIND.
IT *MUST* BE THE COMMIES! WHY ELSE WOULD I CONSIDER TREASONOUSLY WITHHOLDING INFORMATION FROM THE COMPUTER?
THE COMPUTER IS MY FRIEND!
I MUST TELL THE COMPUTER ABOUT THE ATTACK ON THE TRAIN, AND THE SECRET COMPLEX. IT'S MY *DUTY*. HOW CAN THE COMPUTER PROTECT ME, IF I WON'T HELP IT?
MAYBE I'LL EVEN GET A REWARD.
TRAITOR!
TRAITOR!
TRAITOR!

THR 23
IT'S NEARLY CURFEW WHEN I FIND SECTOR THR
THIS MUST BE THE PLACE
I NEVER IMAGINED SUCH LUXURY.
WHO ARE YOU?
TAKE IT EASY!!
I'M KING-R-THR-2. I'VE GOT ORDERS TO REPLACE KING-R-THR-1
I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU WITH THAT THING ON YOUR FACE
YOU CAN'T BE VERY HAPPY WITH IT PULLING AT YOUR MOUTH LIKE THAT
BUT I AM HAPPY! PERFECTLY HAPPY!
HOW COULD YOU THINK SUCH A THING?
OKAY! TAKE IT EASY
YOUR BUSINESS

DID YOU KNOW MY CLONE BROTHER?
YES.
HOW DID HE DIE?
HE FELL INTO THE COMPANY OF COMMIE TRAITORS VULTURE TROOPERS EXECUTED HIM FOR TREASON, KING-R-THR-2. *
* Well, sort of See last issue for details
WHY DON'T YOU CALL ME "KING"?
WHO SENT YOU? NO ONE KNEW YOUR BROTHER LET ME CALL HIM "KING." USING IMPROPER NAMES IS TREASON!

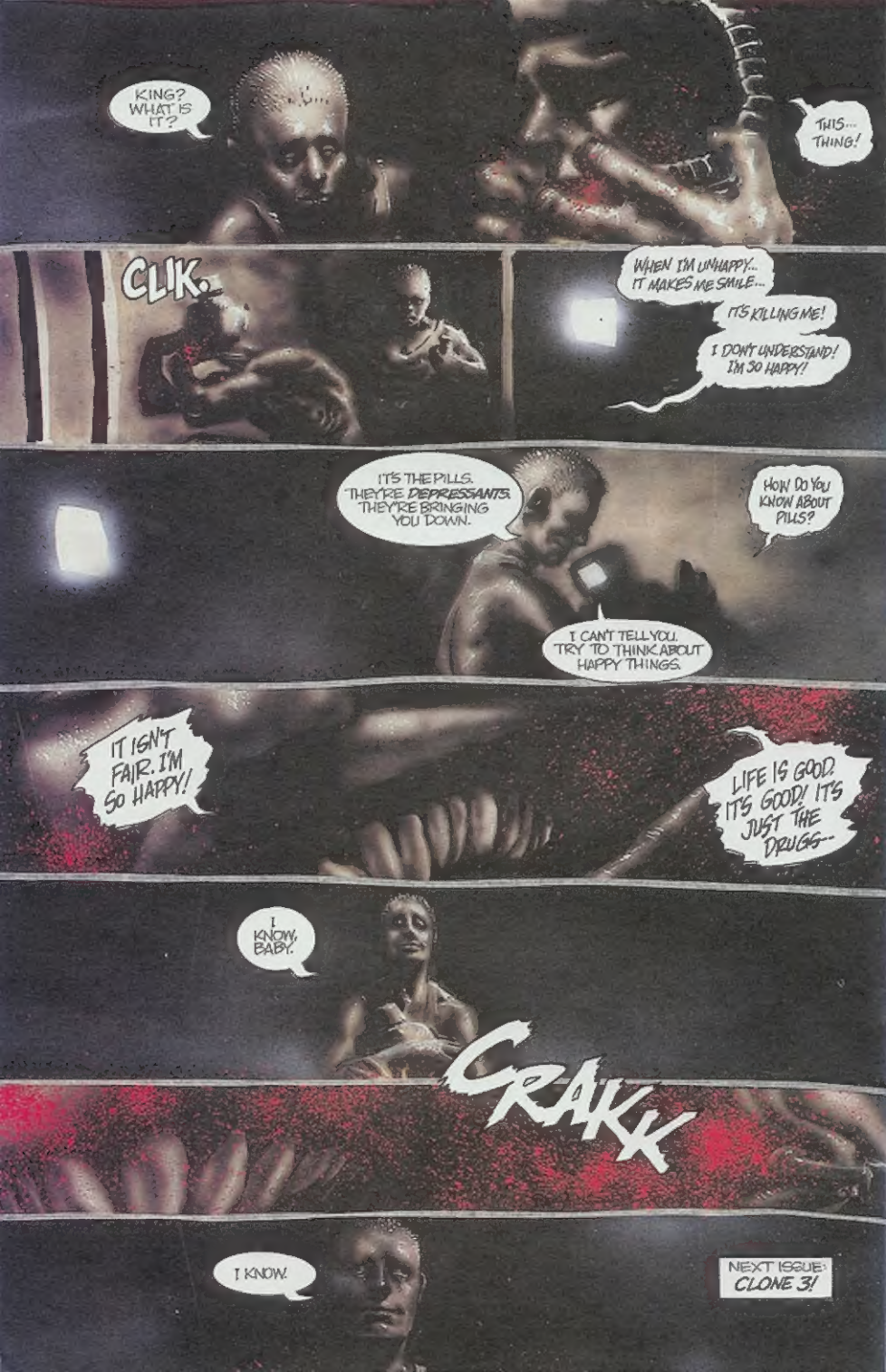

TAKE IT EASY. IT WAS MY OWN IDEA! IT JUST FELT RIGHT!
CLIK.
SHUT UP.
OKAY. I BELIEVE YOU.
BE SURE TO USE MY REGULATION NAME IF ANYONE ELSE IS LISTENING. YOU'VE GOT TO WATCH YOUR STEP, KING-R-TH--
...YOU'VE GOT TO WATCH YOUR STEP, KING.
THANKS, UH--?
ALAMAGORDO-R-THR-2.
THANKS..
..ALA.
I LIKE ALA, BUT NOT THE SAME WAY I LIKE THE COMPUTER, OR HOT FUN, OR THE TEELA O'MALLEY SHOW.
IT'S SOMETHING DEEPER, SOMETHING I DON'T UNDERSTAND. SOMETHING THAT'S PROBABLY TREASONOUS
I WANT TO TELL ALA ABOUT THE SECRET PLACE I FOUND. I WANT HER TO KNOW SHE COULD GO THERE IF SHE WANTED
MAYBE WE COULD GO THERE TOGETHER.

THIS WAS YOUR BROTHER'S OLD BUNK. I GUESS IT'S YOURS NOW.
SOMEONE TOOK THE MATTRESS. WE'LL HAVE TO REQUISITION A NEW ONE. IF THINGS AREN'T NAILED DOWN AROUND HERE, THEY TEND TO WALK AWAY.
OH, NO! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF BOTHERING HPD & MC² WITH A REQUISITION. I LOVE MY BED JUST THE WAY IT IS!
YOU SURE ARE A HAPPY ONE.
I HAVEN'T GOT A CHOICE.
GREETINGS, CITIZENS, FROM CENTRAL CONTROL. ANOTHER MEANINGFUL DAYCYCLE HAS DRAWN TO A CLOSE. ALL CITIZENS WILL PREPARE FOR NIGHTY-NIGHTS.
AND NOW FOR THIS EVENING'S THOUGHT OF THE DAY.
THERE WILL BE A TEST LATER.
REMEMBER TO DO UNTO OTHERS BEFORE THEY DO UNTO YOU.
THIS ABOVE ALL. TO THINE OWN COMPUTER BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS ALL NIGHTY-NIGHTS THE DAYCYCLE, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY CLONE


I'M HAPPY I HAVE TO BE HAPPY!
MY HEAD IS PULLING ITSELF APART.
BAAA
BAA-AAA BA-AAA
I NEED TO STOP THINKING! ALL I SEE ARE LAMBS FOLLOWING EACH OTHER TO THE SLAUGHTER.
I'VE GOT TO GET HAPPY OR THIS THING WILL KILL ME!

THE VICIOUS GANG OF MUTANTS KNOWN AS THE NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FOUNDATION HAVE WREAKED HAVOC IN SECTOR THR
..DESTROYING A COMMUTER TRAIN FULL OF LOYAL CITIZENS GOING ABOUT THEIR DUTIES
THE FOLLOWING CITIZENS ARE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING IN CONNECTION WITH THIS TERRIBLE CRIME
PETE-R-OSE-3
RITA-G-IRL-6
..AND KING-R-THR-2
THEY'RE BLAMING ME! I SHOULD HAVE CONFESSED EVERY-THING WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE!
ALL CLONES REPORT FOR QUESTIONING IMMEDIATELY!
I SHOULD TURN MYSELF IN. IT FEELS LIKE I'M LIVING A DREAM
BUT IN MY DREAMS I'M ALWAYS KILLED

IF ONLY I COULD SLEEP..
SLEEP..
KING?
I BROUGHT YOU ONE OF MY BLANKETS. I HAD TO WAIT UNTIL THE OTHERS WERE ASLEEP


KING? WHAT IS IT?
THIS... THING!
CLIK.
WHEN I'M UNHAPPY... IT MAKES ME SMILE...
IT'S KILLING ME!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'M SO HAPPY!
IT'S THE PILLS. THEY'RE DEPRESSANTS. THEY'RE BRINGING YOU DOWN.
HOW DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PILLS?
I CAN'T TELL YOU. TRY TO THINK ABOUT HAPPY THINGS.
IT ISN'T FAIR. I'M SO HAPPY!
LIFE IS GOOD. IT'S GOOD! IT'S JUST THE DRUGS...
I KNOW, BABY.
CRAKK
I KNOW.
NEXT ISSUE: CLONE 3!

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PARANOIA xp

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They ruined Paranoia back in the day, but now Friend Computer is BACK...

..and BETTAR THAN EVAR!!!1! W00+!

The original authors of Paranoia, through grit, determination, and lawsuit fought hard and won the rights to Paranoia. Then they licensed it out. Mongoose Publishing is now selling copies of it's soon-to-be award-winning Paranoia XP.

Yes, Paranoia XP, chock full of the same 1984 meets Logan's Run meets THX-1138 meets Brazil meets the Marx Brothers meets Frankenstein meets Scooby Doo goodness that you've come to expect from Paranoia, but then kicked up a notch for the internet-riddled, dot-com failure, nightmare, post-911 era of Dee Snyder's Aughts, BAM!

You can order a copy of Paranoia XP from Mongoose Publishing at:
http://www.mongoosepublishing.com/

You can play Paranoia free online at:
http://www.paranoia-live.net/

You can order a great roast beef on rye at:
http://www.bensdeli.net/

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The third party would like to take this time to thank Mongoose Publishing for publishing Paranoia XP, and the authors of said book for bringing the greatest role-playing game of all time back for today's kids to enjoy.

STAY ALERT. TRUST NO ONE. KEEP YOUR LASER HANDY.

Edited by
Roadrunner!
Beep! Beep!